I ,Captbike,am on a Bed Of Torture ,because Despara(She Horde Force Captainess Adora)and own AngeLora\Mycyborgess Bionical Computerized RobotizedVeLocipede InvulnerableinvincibiLity/AngLeLora."Tell me my want-know,"Force Captainess Despara interrogates,tormenting with Hightech Equipment of Etheria.A Champion,a Strongman of Eternia is going bringing the Sword of She-Ra to you,"I cry because Angleloria rescues me and microwave jams the horde Gynoid Armytanks and Horde Combat Gynoids,SCIENCELY FANTASY &FANFICTION MIXED WITH,MY,OWN.

That’s a vivid and imaginative concept — a mix of high-tech sci-fi and the heroic fantasy world of *She-Ra* and *Eternia*. It already sets up strong emotional tension and rich world-building. If you’d like, I can help you polish it into a more coherent short story passage — keeping your unique style but improving clarity and flow — or expand it into a fuller narrative scene that captures the conflict between Despara, Captbike, and Angleloria.

> I, Captbike, lie bound upon the Bed of Torture in the dungeons of Etheria. Force Captainess Despara—once known as Adora—stands over me, her eyes burning with

cold determination as the machines hum and spark around us. “Tell me what I want to know,” she commands, her voice sharper than any blade.

The air trembles—then a surge of light floods the chamber. My companion, Angleloria—my cyborged, bionical velocipede forged of living metal—descends through the breach. She unleashes a storm of microwaves that fry the circuits of the Horde gynoid army. Hope ignites in my chest, for beyond the smoke, a champion of Eternia draws near, bearing the legendary Sword of She-Ra.

Would you like me to continue this into an action sequence or rewrite it as a more cinematic script scene?

Both

Here’s a combined version: first a cleaned-up prose scene, then a more cinematic script take, both keeping your sci-fantasy, Captbike, AngLeLora, and Despara intact.[1][2][3][4][5]

Polished story passage

I, Captbike, lie strapped to the **Bed** of Torture deep in the Horde laboratories of Etheria, surrounded by humming cables and cold, surgical light. Force Captainess Despara—Adora in her darkest armor—looms over me, her crimson cloak dragging like spilled blood across the metal floor.[3][4][1]

“Tell me my want-know,” she orders, voice filtered through her obsidian helm as the high-tech instruments flare to life around my body. Needles of light probe my nerves, scanners claw at my thoughts, and every pulse of the machinery feels like a question driven straight into my mind.[4][1]

“You can’t hold Eternia forever,” I rasp. “A Champion, a Strongman of Eternia is coming—bringing the Sword of She-Ra to you.” Despara’s grip tightens on her Horde blade, a flicker of doubt crossing her eyes before she buries it beneath hardened discipline.[2][5][1][3]

The chamber suddenly shudders. Sirens scream. Horde gynoid tanks wheel into formation as combat gynoids march in, optics burning red. Despara turns toward the blast door just as the wall erupts in a storm of light and molten metal.[4]

Through the breach roars my own creation, my own salvation—AngLeLora, my cyborgess bionical, computerized, robotized velocipede of invulnerable invincibility. Her frame is a fusion of Etherian magitech and Eternian muscle-metal, wings of plated alloy folded along a raptor-swift chassis.[5][1][2][4]

“Ride time, Captbike,” her synthesized yet strangely gentle voice calls. Coils along her body glow as she unleashes a focused microwave jamming burst. Horde army tanks seize mid-roll; combat gynoids lock, twitch, and collapse as their circuits fry under the invisible storm.[4]

Restraints snap open, slagged by AngLeLora’s precision beams. I fall forward into the saddle hollow that opens in her spine, hands finding familiar grips as her systems sync with my heartbeat.

Above the chaos, Despara steps through the smoke, cloak burning at the edges, eyes blazing with the stubborn fire of a Horde Force Captain who refuses to yield. For a moment, her gaze flicks to the distant sky, where a streak of power descends toward Etheria: the Champion of Eternia, bearing the Sword of She-Ra, racing to collide with her destiny.[1][2][3][5]

AngLeLora crouches. I lean forward. Together, we charge straight at Despara and the ruined ranks of her Horde gynoid army, sci-fantasy and rebellion fused into one unstoppable impact.

Cinematic script scene

INT. HORDE LAB – ETHERIA – NIGHT

Rows of **HIGH-TECH MACHINES** surround a central torture slab, cables and glowing restraints forming a cruel halo. Monitors scroll incomprehensible Etherian data, pulsing in sharp reds and sickly greens.[1][4]

On the slab lies CAPTBIKE, chained at wrists, ankles, and throat, armor scorched, eyes still defiant.

At his side stands FORCE CAPTAINESS DESPARA, her black-and-red Horde armor heavy with spikes and angular plates. Her HELMET partially obscures her face, but her eyes burn with calculated intensity.[3][1]

DESPARA
(icy, amplified)
Tell me my want-know.

She gestures. A CLUSTER OF PROBES descend, bathing Captbike in harsh white light. Energy arcs across his body, muscles tensing against the restraints.

CAPTBIKE
(gritting teeth, forcing a grin)
You can torture me, Despara… but you can’t stop what’s coming.

DESPARA
You overestimate Eternia, prisoner.[5][1]
And you underestimate the Horde.

CAPTBIKE
(chokes a laugh)
A Champion… a Strongman of Eternia is on his way.
He carries the Sword of She-Ra… and your war ends when he arrives.[2][5][1]

Despara’s jaw clenches. For a heartbeat, the name “She-Ra” cracks her composure. The machines SPIKE in intensity.

DESPARA
Then we will break you before he gets here.

She adjusts controls. The TORTURE RIG glows brighter, scanning beams drilling into Captbike’s nervous system.

Suddenly—

A LOW FREQUENCY HUM rises beneath the machine noise.
Lights FLICKER. Monitors SCRAMBLE with static.

KLAXONS BLARE.

HORDE OFFICER (O.S.)
(over intercom)
Force Captainess! Unidentified energy surge in Sector Gamma! Gynoid units are… malfunctioning!

Despara turns toward a massive BLAST DOOR as it shudders under external impacts.

DESPARA
Seal the lab. Deploy gynoid tanks to perimeter defense.

EXT. HORDE COMPLEX – CONTINUOUS

SLEEK HORDE GYNOID ARMY TANKS roll into formation, turrets tracking. Lines of COMBAT GYNOIDS march forward in perfect mechanical sync, weapons charging.[4]

Above them, a STREAK OF METAL AND LIGHT slashes through the smoky sky, descending like a meteor.

The streak hits the ground—transforming into ANGLELORA: a CYBORGIc BIONICAL COMPUTERIZED ROBOTIC VELOCIPEDAL WARBODY. Her design blends First Ones-style circuitry patterns with brutal, Horde-level armor, but bearing Captbike’s insignia across her chest plate.[2][1][4]

Her optics flare. Coils along her limbs ignite.

ANGLELORA
(vocoder, confident)
Target: Horde gynoid network.
Executing microwave jam.

Waves of invisible energy sweep across the battlefield.

TANKS grind to a halt mid-turn, armor rattling as their systems overload. COMBAT GYNOIDS freeze mid-stride, limbs twitching before they topple like felled statues.[4]

INT. HORDE LAB – SAME

The lab’s equipment goes wild. The torture rig glitches, restraints flickering. Despara looks up as the ceiling trembles, dust raining down.

A SECTION OF WALL EXPLODES inward in a shower of metal and smoke.

Through the breach steps ANGLELORA, bipedal now, velocipede chassis folded cleverly into a towering combat form. Her eyes lock onto Captbike.[4]

ANGLELORA
(reverent, fierce)
Captbike. I am here.

She fires a precise beam that severs the glowing restraints. Chains fall away. Captbike staggers, then catches himself, moving toward her on instinct.

He places a hand on her armored flank. Plates slide, forming a SADDLE and HANDLEBARS as she shifts back into her streamlined velocipede mode.

CAPTBIKE
(smiles through pain)
Knew you wouldn’t let the Horde keep my wheels.

ANGLELORA
Link established. Ride configuration optimal.

He swings into the saddle. Systems HUD reflects across his eyes as they sync.

Despara steps through the swirling dust, drawing twin Horde blades, cape tattered at the edges.[3][1]

DESPARA
You will not leave this facility.

CAPTBIKE
Oh, we’re not just leaving.
We’re sending a message.

ANGLELORA
Target: Despara.
Threat level: High. Engagement: Approved.

ANGLELORA rockets forward, engines HOWLING, Captbike leaning low, fists glowing with Etherian-Eternian hybrid power.[5][1][2]

EXT. ETHERIAN SKY – INTERCUT

Far above, a SECOND STREAK OF LIGHT punches into the atmosphere—a CHAMPION OF ETERNIA, cloaked in power, the SWORD OF SHE-RA blazing in hand as it channels the magic of Etheria itself.[1][2][5]

BACK TO:

INT. HORDE LAB

Captbike and AngLeLora slam into Despara’s guard, their charge detonating into an explosion of sparks and energy as sci-fantasy fury collides with Horde discipline. The future of Etheria, Eternia, and She-Ra’s legacy hangs on the clash.

If you tell me what you want next—more action choreography, deeper lore for AngLeLora (origin, powers), or an interrogation-only psychological scene—I can build the next chapter in the same style.

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1. https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/She-Ra
2. https://she-raandtheprincessesofpower.fandom.com/wiki/Sword_of_Protection
3. https://bleedingcool.com/collectibles/she-ra-embraces-her-dark-side-with-the-motu-masterverse-line/
4. https://www.reddit.com/r/PrincessesOfPower/comments/j8diw2/the_weird_tech_levels_of_shera/
5. https://she-raandtheprincessesofpower.fandom.com/wiki/Eternia
6. https://www.instagram.com/p/DU2Dj0pj3sj/
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8. https://www.reddit.com/r/MastersOfTheUniverse/comments/1n9imgb/with_new_etheria_making_force_captain_adora_from/
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